

COREY CAUGHT WITH C. A. CASH



"ACE" COREY



(Above and Left) Respectable Citizen Goes Beserk; Absconds With C. A. Funds, and Is Trailed Through Series of Hideouts.

(Story on Page 2)

Old Howard Recruits Joan Guiterman to Entice New Audiences

(Picture below—Story on Page 2)

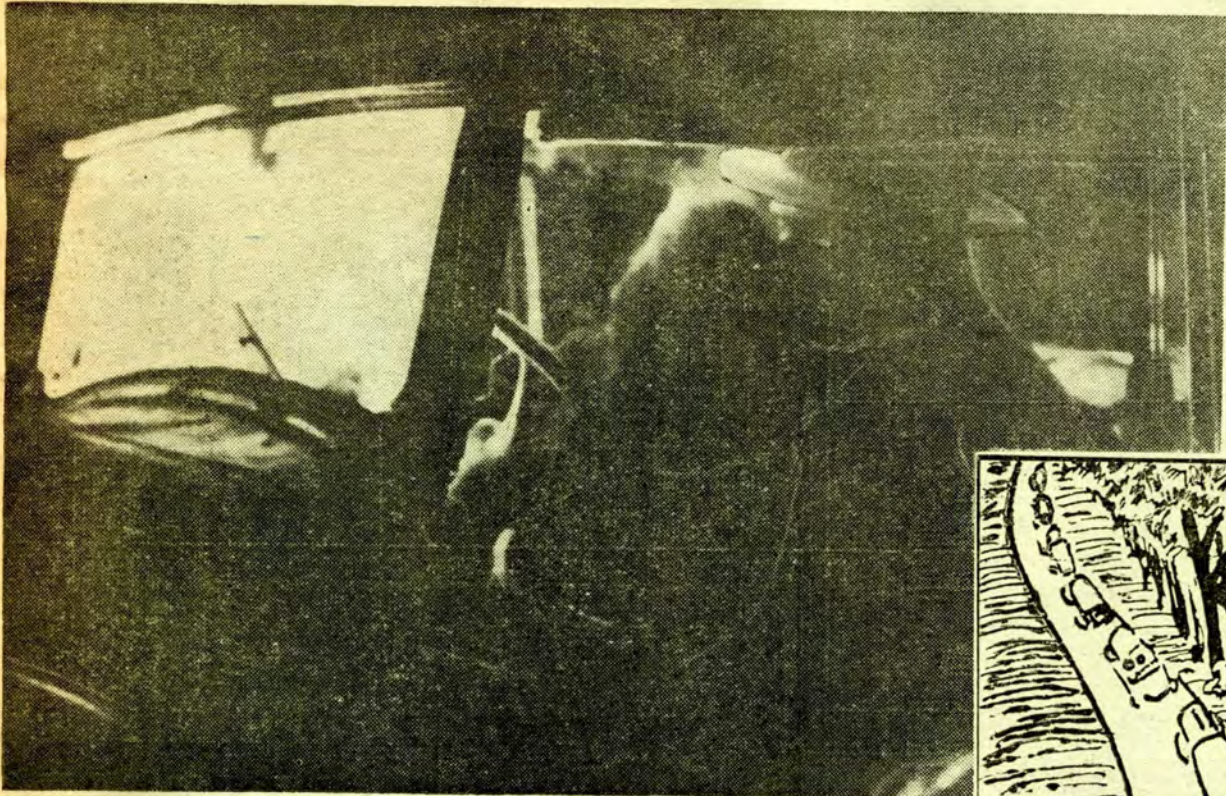
Miss Guiterman, newly-crowned Queen of Burlesque, strikes a pose from one of her nightly routines that have won her fame and fortune in Scollay Square. The unique fans are the surrealistic touch which Miss Guiterman says raises her work to the status of true art.



(Left) One of series of shots snatched at random by a News staff photographer sent to investigate conditions on Pond Road.

Insert is artist's sketch of that popular wooded lane at the height of its midnight activities.

(Story on Page 2)



Derelicts Of Youth

Youth Seeks Wooded Retreat For Nightly Illicit Pastime

Ever devoted to the public welfare, especially to that of Youth, the Wellesley College *News* once again is battling to track crime to its lair and to bring justice to triumph.

Insidious influences are at work, undermining the moral strength of this community, attacking one of the most precious of all strongholds, Youth.

The focal point of this baleful movement is—Pond Road. Once a peaceful woodland lane at the end of Lake Waban, through which bright birds flew in airy innocence, where youth and maiden walked hand in hand in the first rapturous blushes of young love, Pond Road is now a modern Babylon, a very sink of degradation.

These conditions were first brought to our attention by Miss Martha Hale Shackford, Professor of English Literature. Miss Shackford was on a solitary evening walk, admiring the daffodils, snowdrifts, and nightingales. While meditating on the perfectibility of man, and on the Young Woman of Today, especially Seniors, she saw Something Nasty in a car on Pond road. Two individuals were in the car. The car was parked.

Crying out in horror, Miss Shackford was amazed to see the lights of 127 cars flash on, cars in which she saw more Nasty Things. Armed with statistical information, this noble citizen, this "Happy Warrior" informed the *News* immediately, saying, "Something must be done."

Agreeing that Something Must Be Done, *News* sent out one of its most daring and hardened reporters, who discovered the shocking fact that one of the chief causes of this amorous ambushade is the Well. It is from drunken orgies at the Well that innocent Wellesley girls, inflamed by large lemon cokes, repair to Pond Road and to their downfall.

Before further proceedings, we asked several responsible citizens

what their feelings were in the matter.

Anne Lineberger '41, President of College Government, said, "I've never been there. I don't know where it is. I don't do Things like that."

A most interesting view was elucidated by Jan Givens '42, who said, "After a purely sociological study of . . ." (97 words deleted by censor here.)

Before marshalling its full forces against this many-headed hydra of vice, *News* wants a full expression of Wellesley opinion. Will Durant Scholars allow this? Will C. A. members tolerate this? While the world is in a crisis, while all is in a state of flux, while we must battle for our most cherished ideals, while the flame of scholarship flickers, while true Americanism must be upheld. Non admistrari sed administrare. The time has come. The unexamined life is not worth the living. A stitch in time saves nine. We needs must love the highest when we see it. Plain living and high thinking. The Golden Mean, even if gilded. *News* takes its stand and will fight, FIGHT, so that once again, as in days of yore, we may point with pride to peace on Pond Road.

Editorial

Come The Revolution

We editors are a fighting bunch. We like to campaign for a cause, and this week we are very happy to present a new cause to you.

The subject, in brief, is this: why must we have Saturday and Monday classes? Aside from the fact that this strenuous six-day week is seriously impairing our health, the most important thing to consider is its drastic effect on our social life. While our favorite men's colleges are having big weekends and our conniving female rivals are already there snaking our men, where is the Wellesley contingent? Too often, alas still in the classroom, or else desperately trying by plane and train to arrive before too much damage is done. This is a serious situation, as all can see; our social reputation is at stake.

News proposes a new regime, to consist of a four-day week, which would eliminate Saturday and Monday classes. Thus Wellesley girls could arrive on the scene at the same time as their competitors, and, by not having to return until Monday, they could also make a little extra time Sunday night after the others had gone. Will you please let us know how you feel about this plan by marking the ballot at the bottom of this column?

BALLOT — Check one

- For Roosevelt ☐
For Willkie ☐
Will give up desserts ☐

Free Press

Dear Editors,

In regard to your editorial of last week, "Why Faculty", I should like to say that I agree entirely. I have never been able to understand why a group of big girls like you need a lot of faculty messing around all the time. Personally, I'd like it much better if the whole idea were given up and I could spend all my time at home with my lovely sixteenth century books.

Sincerely yours,
Emma Marshall Denkinger.

Free Press

(Editors positively not responsible for any comments in this column.)

Dear Editor:

We have been led to believe that this is the fitting channel of utterance and this is a timely time in which to record our regret that there are so very few "eligibles" on the college faculty. Frankly, we are in one of the worst crises in our history because there are simply terribly few good catches among the men professors of which, according to statistics, there are few enough anyhow. What with the draft having drafted all the other men, we are left like weeping willows because we don't like the prospect of being old maids, and so if you could kindly ask the trustees or the deans to amend the aforesaid situation we would be much happier.

Willa Williams '44.

(Editor's Note: Amen!)

Corey Story

Christie (Ace) Corey surrendered to the law at 2 o'clock this morning in the *Oasis* after putting up a stiff fight. Corey, C. A. chief, cried "Don't let Annie know" to her companion, genial Jack Lyffort, booked on the book-turning charge in the Lowell Library Case. The identity of "Annie" has not yet been established, but is expected to be an important clue in the embezzlement episode.

Corey's mad career in the dives and caves of Boston began when she signed out for the Hotel Statler at 4:05 p. m. naming Rob't Montgomery under the "escort or chaperone" column. She took a cab into Boston, surprising the driver, George Le Blanc, by her payment of \$5.53 in small coins which she carelessly threw him with a quick "Keep the change. The collection plate, like the poor, is always with us."

Christie got out at the *Beachcomber* where she picked up Lyffort, after her second zombie. Small checks fell out of the sleeves of her grey Red-Cross sweater as she pushed them up to help the Harvard lad from the floor. She assured the waiters, who were pocketing the money, that they were merely bridge-winnings, and left after a fist fight in an attempt to get them back.

The two desperados wove their way to the *Cave* where suspicion was aroused as Corey insisted on paying the bill herself with a \$2,000 "Floating Kitchen" check. When the manager attempted to detain her, Corey tore it up shouting "Scraps of paper" and whipped a revolver from the pocket of her Workroom-Original tweed skirt.

The pair was traced to *Little Dixie*, but the cops were detained by a knifing and some scotch, giving the Crimson-and-Blue couple time to skip to the *Oasis*. Patrons claim that Corey distributed Service Fund pledge cards after a "Missionary's Downfall" and threatened them with social pro if their contributions were too small.

A remark about the dropped stitches in Corey's sweater was the straw which set the smoky den on gun fire. The cops broke away from the last den in time to catch Corey crying into her glass as Lyffort turned around the bottles at the bar.

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MISS GRACE HAWK, President
GHOSTWRITERS, Inc., Ltd.
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Strip Star Quits Wellesley Career For Fame, Feathers in Scollay Sq.

"Variety is the spice of life" according to Joan Guiterman, former leading lady of Barnswallows, who is currently wowing the audiences with her burlesque turn in the Old Howard Variety Show, rapidly usurping the spotlight that Gypsy Rose Lee and Ann Corio have held so long.

Specializing in bubble, bird, and feather dances, Miss Guiterman has been able to infuse the old routines with a new sparkle and grace developed here in Wellesley under the auspices of the modern dance group.

Miss Guiterman blushed prettily as she reported that Boston audiences were far more appreciative of her charms than those of Wellesley; but she added that they were very critical of even the slightest slip. She also advocated a law banning the sale of pins or bean-shooters within a hundred yards of the theatre.

Although she is a novice in the burlesque world, Miss Guiterman confided that her interests have long turned in that direction. Before accepting the contract with the Old Howard, she tried for years to persuade Barn officials to produce something in a "lighter" vein. She feels that censor restrictions on productions within the college have stifled much of the talent within our midst.

When asked whether she thought other Wellesley girls should follow her footsteps out into the world of song and dance, she grinned and said "I tried it—why not you?"

LOVE LORN LORE

By Consuelo Cupidissimo

Dear Miss Cupidissimo,

Could you please give me some advice on how to get an invitation to a weekend? The one I have in mind is for a winter carnival at an upper New York State college—for men. I have tried the usual methods of writing him passionate letters, inviting him up every weekend, and so forth. But I have received no reply. What shall I do?

Frantic.

Dear Frantic,

You are faced with a very difficult situation. But I think I have the solution. Why wait for an invitation? Spontaneity is the spice of life. First determine the date of the weekend. (your friends will know—they are in the same boat). Then pack your most glamorous brocade sarong, your newest Helena Rubinstein Raspberry facial pack, and you're off! When you arrive go immediately to his house, throw your arms about him and cry, "Darling, it's been so long." This will immediately remove any previous feminine plans he may have made. From then, you're on

your own. If he's a gentleman, he'll at least buy your return ticket home.

* * *

Dear Miss Cupidissimo,

I have a serious and sad problem. Everyone thinks I am engaged. This is both raising my blood pressure and lowering my appeal. I have told everyone that it's nothing but an idle myth, that I'm foot-loose, fancy-free, and a blond. But it's all to no avail. I only got seventeen phone calls last week. You can see that the situation is desperate. Please tell me how I can refute these ugly rumors—and still keep the ring.

Capricious.

Dear Capricious,

I see now that you art the victim of a dastardly plot. Your female cohorts have been stirring up these evil rumors so they can have your men—and use the phone occasionally. But there is a way to outwit them. Inform the former owner of the ring that you are to inherit the sum of eighteen million dollars if you reach the age of twenty-one unmarried and unmarried. Tell him you will wear it around your neck. That will give you lots of time—and by then you may have another ring.

* * *

Dear Miss Cupidissimo,

What am I to do? My roommate is a wolffess. Or to make a sad story short, she steals all my men. With the sweat of my brow and the vermillion of my Elizabeth Arden, I dig them up, dust them off, and break them in. And then she steps to the fore and takes command. So far she has stolen twenty-four and three fourths men. I cannot leave her, for we both wear a size twelve, but I would like to know how to break her of this unseemly habit. Can you help me?

Helpless.

Dear Helpless,

This is not as difficult as you may think. You must keep a stiff upper lip, your best blonde rinse, and all will be well. Use psychological approach 738914-B (booklet enclosed). Each time you find a new man, take care to inform her in your most subtle manner that his draft number is 152. This will immediately cool her ardour, and the field will be free. Incidentally, it's a good idea to find out that little fact for yourself—or you may be sending coconut fudge to an entire battalion.

* * *

Dear Miss Cupidissimo,

What would you do if you had a man named Shubrick?

Desperate.

Dear Desperate,

I do not know whether this is a first or last name, but whichever it is, probably his other name is quite attractive and euphonious. Anyway, at least you've got a man!

* * *

Dear Miss Cupidissimo,

I wrote you a letter asking whether to elope with the man of my choice. You told me not to. You said I would be sorry. You said I would rue the day. You said I would pay the Piper. Fortunately I did not take your old advice—and am I glad!

T. deV. G. H.

(Send your love problems to Miss Cupidissimo, in care of the NEWS. We guarantee prompt results either one way or the other.)

VOX POPULI

In keeping with our policy of bringing our readers a cross-section of current opinion on affairs of national and international importance, the *News* this week has conducted a survey among observant male members of the college faculty. The question under consideration was: Do you approve of the modern girl wearing make-up to classes?

Mr. Jenks—Department of Sociology—"Yes, I approve—if you mean by the modern girl, the Wellesley girl who has learned how to use it."

Mr. Holmes—Department of Music—"Plato once said in regard to this important problem, *Otium cum dignitate*—which may be roughly translated as 'Save the surface and you save all.' All I can say is that if the manufacturers bring out just one more shade or flavor of lipstick, the college man will be up against it. I am in favor of it."

Mr. Procter—Department of Philosophy—"Not so you'd notice it."

Mr. Montgomery—Department of Biblical History—"I am indifferent on the subject because I don't use it myself. This is not, however, a reasoned judgment."

Mr. Kerby-Miller—Department of English Composition—"I do approve of make-up in classes. It isn't fair for the girls just to dress up on week-ends. When I meet my students in Boston, I don't recognize them because they look so different."

Mr. Hinners—Department of Music—"Certainly I approve—if they need it. But there are a great many who don't. But this is a highly academic question. There is really no need to ask."

Mr. Haugen—Department of Political Science—"If it contributes to beauty, it's a good idea."

The World Inside

The *News'* weekly up-to-the-minute chronicle of important events on campus

High spot of the week was the cocktail party that President McAfee threw for members of the faculty in the gym last Monday afternoon. From all reports the party was a very gay one, and it is rumored that several well-known professors heightened the festivities by swinging on the ropes and jumping over the horses after the seventh round of Manhattans.

It was decided at the last Senate meeting to permit hereafter the wearing of slacks, shorts, and bathing suits on campus. Anne Lineberger, President of C. G., was quoted as saying, "I think bathing suits are cute. I have a new purple lastex one that I'm dying to wear."

Betting is running high on Shafer's second floor as to who will come through with the first engagement. It is said that no less than four inmates are on the brink, and are just waiting until the odds are high enough to make the announcement. Miss Agnes Roche, Head of Shafer, is holding the bets and will take any new ones in her regular office hours.

News of the week from the library is the discovery of a manuscript of a hitherto unknown playwright, W. Shackspeer (spelling uncertain, because of the dimness of the manuscript). Miss Lilla Weed, who made the discovery, issued the following statement to the press (Boston papers please copy): "I've only read the first six pages, but I think he's got something. I shouldn't be surprised if he turned out to be as good as any modern writer, like Saroyan, or somebody."

Mr. Malcolm H. Holmes, director of the orchestra, has decided to switch from classical music to rhythms sweet and swing. Asked for his reason, Mr. Holmes said, "We've been getting too much competition from fellows like Dorsey and Shaw." The new band's first engagement will be at the Totem Pole next week; all Wellesley students will be admitted free on opening night.

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Miriam Hopkins - Claude Rains

"LADY WITH RED HAIR"

Sun.-Mon. Feb. 2-3

Fred Astaire - Paulette Goddard

"SECOND CHORUS"

John Howard - Ellen Drew

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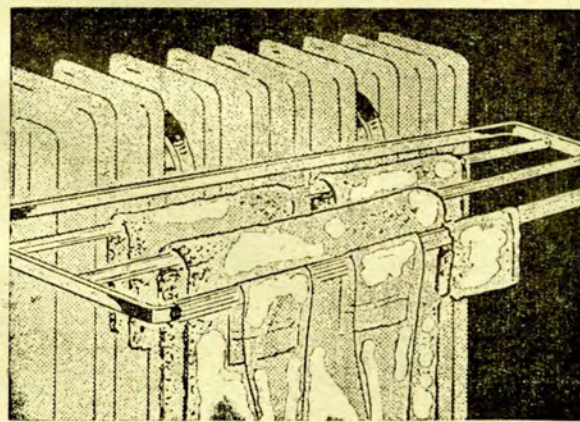
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Alice Faye Favors Wellesley With Rule To Guide Love

Alice Faye, screen actress, has forwarded to us her latest "Romance Test," which she believes will be of indispensable value to the Wellesley girl, and of which she says: "Try it and see if you are really in love... if you are using the proper technique... Be honest now!" The test is divided into three sections, as follows:

A. Twosome Technique

1. Are you just a little hard to date—at first?
2. Do you make him feel he is Head Man even when the local hero enters the scene?
3. Every once in a while do you go misty-eyed on him and ask gently, "Do you remember the first time we heard this song?"
4. When he makes a complimentary remark, do you (a) giggle, (b) say "I'll bet you tell that to all the girls," (c) Smile and murmur a soft, but audible, "Thank you"?
5. Do you let him do most of the telephoning?
6. If you beat him in a game of golf or bridge do you give him advice on his game?
7. Do you think a rapt look accomplishes far more than conversation?

B. Love or Infatuation?

1. Is he as attractive to you in a sweatshirt as in tails?
2. Do you ever feel lonely anymore?
3. Are you cuh-rasy (exact quote) about him because he looks like somebody else? Laurence Olivier, for instance?
5. Would you wear last year's hats and cook for hours over a hot stove just to be near him?
6. Do you feel just a teeny bit superior to him?
7. Have you felt that he is The One and Only for more than five months?
8. Does being "that way" about him often make you melancholy and distrustful and a little nervous?
9. Do you feel at your most exciting best when you're with him?

C. Romance Insurance

1. Does his career interest you as much as your own?

2. Do you save your wisecracks for your girl friends?
3. If he says some other girl is a wonder, can you keep from cutting her throat?
4. Do you tell him that you love him (but not more than once a day)?
5. Do you avoid talking baby talk to him?

Alice also sent us the answers to these revealing questions, but for one thing, we disagreed with a lot of her theories (she doesn't approve of wisecracks, and she stakes all on a rapt look) and, for another thing, we haven't got room for them. Besides, we figure that if you know Alice half as well as we do, you won't need the answers to know what she'd say.

Hope you all get a perfect score!

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Flagstad. Feb. 3

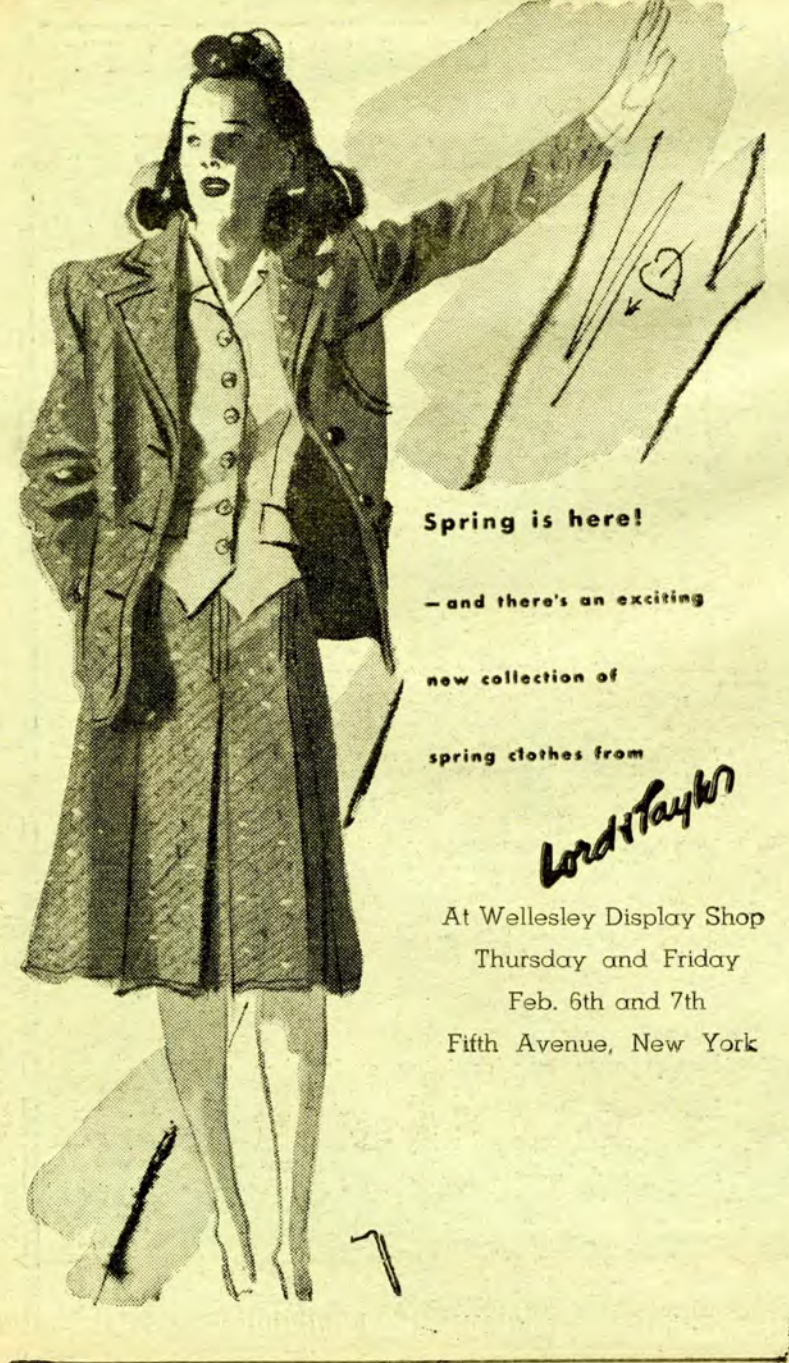
Don Cossacks. Feb. 9.

Ballet Russe. Feb. 18 through 22.

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